

## A GLORIOUS MARCH.

THE SUBJECT OF DR. TALMAGE'S  
SUNDAY SERMON.

"Fair as the Moon, Clear as the Sun  
and Terrible as an Army with Banners."  
—The Doctor Passes a Busy Week  
in Scotland.

LONDON, Aug. 7.—The week, like others that have preceded it since the beginning of Rev. Dr. Talmage's foreign preaching tour, has been a very busy one. Indeed since July 24, when he preached in the English and American church in Berlin, while en route from Russia to Scotland, Dr. Talmage can scarcely be said to have had a moment's leisure. Services have been held at Edinburgh, Inverness, Aberdeen, Dundee, Glasgow, Newcastle and Sunderland. The sermon for this week is entitled "The Glorious March," the text being from Solomon's Song vi, 10, "Fair as the moon, clear as the sun and terrible as an army with banners."

The fragrance of spikenard, the flash of jewels, the fruitfulness of orchards, the luxuriance of gardens, the beauty of Heshbon fish pools, the dew of the night and the splendor of the morning—all contribute to the richness of Solomon's style when he comes to speak of the glory of the church. In contrast with the eulogium of the church, look at the denunciatory things that are said in our day in regard to it. If one stockholder become a cheat, does that destroy the whole company? If one soldier be a coward, does that condemn the whole army? And yet there are many in this day so unphilosophic, so illogical, so dishonest and so unfair as to denounce the entire church of God because there are here and there bad men belonging to it.

There are those who say that the church of God is not up to the spirit of the day in which we live; but I have to tell you that, notwithstanding all the swift wheels and the flying shuttles and the lightning communications, the world has never yet been able to keep up with the church. As high as God is above man, so high is the church of God—higher than all human institutions. From her lamp the best discoveries of the world have been lighted. The best of our inventors have believed in the Christian religion—the Fultons, the Morrises, the Whitneys, the Perrys and the Livingstones. She has owned the best of the telescopes and Leyden jars, and while infidelity and atheism have gone blindfolded among the most startling discoveries that were about to be developed the earth, and the air, and the sea have made quick and magnificent responses to Christian philosophers.

The world will not be up to the church of Christ until the day when all merchandise has become honest merchandise, and all governments have become free governments, and all nations evangelized nations, and the last deaf ear of spiritual death shall be broken open by the million voiced shout of nations born in a day. The church that Nebuchadnezzar tried to burn in the furnace, and Darius to tear to pieces with the lions, and Lord Claverhouse to cut with the sword, has gone on, wading the floods and enduring the fire, until the deepest barbarism and the fiercest cruelties, and the blackest superstitions have been compelled to look to the east, crying, "Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun and terrible as an army with banners?"

ASHAMED OF HONOR.  
Yet there are people who are ashamed to belong to the church of Christ, and if you ask them whether they are in such associations they say, "Yes, I sometimes attend the church," instead of realizing the fact that there is no honor compared with the honor of being a member of the church of God. I look back with joy to the most honored moment of my life, when in the old country meeting house the minister of Christ announced my name as a follower of the Lord.

You who are floating about in the world, seeking for better associations, why do you not join yourself to some of the churches? An old sea captain was riding in the cars toward Philadelphia, and a young man sat down beside him. He said, "Young man, where are you going?" "I am going to Philadelphia to live," replied the young man. "Have you letters of introduction?" asked the old captain. "Yes," said the young man, and he pulled some of them out. "Well," said the old sea captain, "haven't you a church certificate?" "Oh, yes," replied the young man; "I didn't suppose you would want to look at that." "Yes," said the sea captain, "I want to see that. As soon as you get to Philadelphia present it to some Christian church. I am an old sailor, and I have been up and down in the world, and it's my rule as soon as I get into port to fasten my ship fore and aft to the wharf, although it may cost a little wharfage, rather than have my ship out in the stream floating hither and thither with the tide."

Oh, men and women, by the tides of frivolity and worldliness swept this way and swept that way, seeking for associations and for satisfactions for the immortal soul, come into the church of Jesus Christ. Lash fast to her. She is the pillar and the ground of truth. I propose to speak of the threefold glory of the church as it is described in the text:

First—"Fair as the moon." God, who has determined that everything shall be beautiful in its season, has not left the night without charm. The moonlight of the night. The stars are only set as gems in her tiara. Sometimes, before the sun has gone down, the moon mounts her throne, but it is after nightfall that she sways her undisputed scepter over island and continent, river and sea. Under her shining the plainest maple leaves become shivering silver, the lakes from shore to shore look like shining mirrors, and the ocean, under her glance, with great tides comes up, parting upon the beach, mingling, as it were, foam and fire.

Under the witchery of the moon the

awful steeples lose their ruggedness and the chasms their terror. The poor man blesses God for throwing so cheap a light through the broken window pane of his cabin, and to the sick it seems like a light from the other shore that bounds this great deep of human pain and woe. If the sun be like a song, full and loud and poured forth from brazen instruments that fill heaven and earth with harmony, the moon is plaintive and sad, standing beneath the throne of God, sending up her soft, sweet voice of praise, while the stars listen and the sea! No mother ever more lovingly watched a sick cradle than this pale watcher of the sky bends over the weary, heartsick, slumbering earth, singing to it a silvery music, while it is rocked in the cradle of the spheres.

"FAIR AS THE MOON."

Now, says my text, "Who is she, fair as the moon?" Our answer is the church. Like the moon, she is a borrowed light. She gathers up the glory of a Saviour's sufferings, a Saviour's resurrection, a Saviour's mission, and pours that light on palace and dungeon, on squalid heathenism and elaborate skepticism, on widow's tears and martyr's robe of flame, on weeping penitence and loud mouthed scorn.

She is the only institution today that gives any light to our world. Into her portals the poor come and get the sympathy of a once pillowless Christ, the bereaved come and see the bottle in which God saves all our tears, and the captives come, and on the sharp corners of her altars dash off their chains, and the thirsty come and put their cup under the "Rock of Ages," which pours forth from its smitten side living water, sparkling water, crystalline water from under the throne of God and the Lamb. Blessed the bell that calls her worshippers to prayer. Blessed the water in which her members are baptized. Blessed the wine that glows in her sacramental cups. Blessed the songs on which her devotions travel up and the angels of God travel down.

As the moon goes through the midst of the roaring storm clouds unflushed and unharmed, and comes out calm and beautiful on the other side, so the church of God has gone through all the storms of this world's persecution and come out uninjured, no worse for the fact that Robespierre cursed it, and Voltaire caricatured it, and Tom Paine sneered at it, and all the forces of darkness have bombarded it. Not like some baleful comet shooting across the sky, scattering terror and dismay among the nations, but above the long howling night of the world's wretchedness the Christian church has made her mild way, "Fair as the moon."

I take a step further in my subject—"Clear as the sun." After a season of storm or fog, how you are thrilled when the sun comes out at noonday! The mists travel up hill above hill, mountain above mountain, until they are sky lost. The forests are full of chirp and buzz and song; honey makers on the log, bird's beak pounding the bark, the chatter of the squirrel on the rail, the call of a hawk out of a clear sky makes you thankful for the sunshine which makes all the world so busy and so glad. The same sun which in the morning kindled conflagrations among the castles of cloud scoops down to paint the lily white and the buttercup yellow and the forget-me-not blue.

WHAT CAN RESIST THE SUN?

What can resist the sun? Light for voyager on the deep, light for shepherds guarding the flocks afield, light for the poor who have no lamps to burn, light for the downcast and the weary, light for aching eyes and burning brain and consuming captive, light for the smooth flow of childhood and the dim vision of the octogenarian, light for queen's coronet and sewing girl's needle. "Let there be light."

Now, says my text, "Who is she that looketh forth clear as the sun?" Our answer is, the church. You have been going along a road before daybreak, and on one side you thought you saw a lion, and on the other side you thought you saw a goblin of the darkness, but when the sun came out you found these were harmless apparitions. And it is the great mission of the church of Jesus Christ to come forth "clear as the sun," to illumine all early darkness, to explain, as far as possible, all mystery, and to make the world radiant in its brightness; and that which you thought was an aroused lion is found out to be a slumbering lamb; and the sepulchral gates of your dead turn out to be the opening gates of heaven; and that which you supposed was a flaming sword to keep you out of paradise is an angel of light to beckon you in.

The lamps on her altars will cast their glow on your darkest pathway and cheer you until, far beyond the need of lantern or lighthouse, you are safely anchored within the veil. Oh, sun of the church, shine on until there is no sorrow to soothe, no tears to wipe away, no shackles to break, no more souls to be redeemed! Ten thousand hands of sin have attempted to extinguish the lamps on her altars, but they are quenched, and to silence her pulpits, but the thunder would leap and the lightning would flame.

The church of God will yet come to full meridian, and in that day all the mountains of the world will be sacred mountains, touched with the glory of Calvary, and all streams will flow by the mount of God like cool Siloam, and all lakes be radiant with Gospel memories like Gennesaret, and all islands of the sea be crowned with apocalyptic vision like Patmos, and all cities be sacred as Jerusalem, and all gardens luxuriant as paradise, with God walking in the cool of the day. Then the chorals of grace will drown out all the anthems of earth. Then the throne of Christ will overtop all earthly authority. Then the crown of Jesus will outflame all other coronets. Sin destroyed. Death dead. Hell defeated. The church triumphant. All the darknesses of sin, all the darknesses of trouble, all the darknesses of earthly mystery bicing themselves to their dens. "Clear as the sun! Clear as the sun!"

Further, "Terrible as an army with

banners." I take one more step in this subject and say that if you were placed for the defense of a feeble town, and a great army were seen coming over the hills with flying ensigns, then you would be able to get some idea of the terror that will strike the hearts of the enemies of God when the church at last marches on like "an army with banners."

You know there is nothing that excites a soldier's enthusiasm so much as an old flag. Many a man almost dead, catching a glimpse of the national ensign, has sprung to his feet and started again into the battle. Now, my friends, I don't want you to think of the church of Jesus Christ as a defeated institution, as the victim of infidel sarcasm—some thing to be kicked and cuffed and trampled on through all the ages of the world. It is "an army with banners." It has an inscription and colors such as never stirred the hearts of an earthly soldiery.

We have our banner of recruit, and on it is inscribed, "Who is on the Lord's side?" Our banner of defiance, and on it is inscribed, "The gates of hell shall not prevail against us." Our banner of triumph, and on it is inscribed, "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" and we mean to plant that banner on every hilltop and wave it at the gate of heaven.

With Christ to lead us we need not fear. I will not underrate the enemy. They are a tremendous host. They come on with acutest strategy. Their weapons by all the inhabitants of darkness have been forged in furnaces of everlasting fire. We contend not with flesh and blood, but with principalities and powers and spiritual wickedness in high places; but if God be for us who can be against us? Come on, ye troops of the Lord! Fall into line! Close up the ranks! On, through burning sands and over frozen mountain tops, until the whole earth surrenders to God! He made it; he redeemed it; he shall have it. They shall not be trampled with hoofs, they shall not be cut with sabers, they shall not be crushed with wheels, they shall not be cloven with battle axes, but the marching, and the onset, and the victory will be none the less decisive for that.

With Christ to lead us, and heaven to look down upon us, and angels to guard us, and martyr spirits to bend from their thrones, and the voice of God to bid us forward into the combat, our enemies shall fly like chaff in the whirlwind, and all the towers of heaven ring because the day is ours. I divide this army with banners into two wings—the American wing and the European wing. The American wing will march on across the wilds of the west, over the tablelands, and come to the ocean, no more stopped by the Pacific than the Israelites were stopped by the Red sea, marching on until the remaining walls of China will fall before this army with banners, and cold Siberia will be turned to the warm heart of Christ, and over lofty Himalayan peaks shall go this army with banners until it halts at Palestine.

The European wing will march out to meet it, and Spanish superstition shall be overcome, and French infidelity shall be conquered, and over the Alps, with more than Hannibal's courage, shall march that army with banners, and up through the snows of Russia, vaster in multitude than the hosts that followed Napoleon into the conflict. And Hungary and Poland, by the blood of their patriots and by the blood of Christ, shall at last be free. And crossing into Asia the law shall again be proclaimed on Sinai, and Christ in the person of his ministers will again preach on Olivet and pray in Gethsemane and exhibit his love on Calvary. And then the army will halt in front of the other wing, the twain having conquered all the earth for God.

A SHOUT OF TRIUMPH.

History tells us that one day the armies of Xerxes shouted all at once, and the vociferation was so mighty that the birds flying through the air dropped as though they were dead. Oh, what a shout of triumph when all the armies of earth and all the armies of heaven shall celebrate the victory of our king—all at once and all together: "Halleluia! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Halleluia! for the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ."

When the Prussian army came back from their war they were received in 1866 at the gates of Berlin, and a choir stood above the gates, and as the first regiment advanced and came to the gates the choir, in music, asked them what right they had to enter there. And then the first regiment, in song, replied, telling over the stories of their conflicts and victories. Then they marched in, and all the city was full of gladness and triumph. But oh! the greater joy when the army with banners shall come up to the gates of our king!

It will be choir to choir, music to music, hosanna to hosanna, halleluia to halleluia. Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let them come in. Then will be spread the banquet of eternal victory, and the unfallen ones of heaven will sit at it, and all the ransomed of earth will come in and celebrate the jubilee with unfading garlands on their brows telling of earthly conquests.

All the walls of that celestial mansion will be a-glitter with shields won in victorious battle and adorned with the banners of God that were carried in front of the host. Harp shall tell of the heroism in which the conquerors won their palm, and the church that day will sit queen at the banquet. Her wanderings over her victories gained, Christ shall rise up to introduce her to all the nations of heaven, and as she pulls aside her veil and looks up into the face of her Lord the king, Christ shall exclaim, "This is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun and terrible as an army with banners!"

A Business Head.

Lady—I wish to get a birthday present for my husband.  
Clerk—How long married?  
Lady—Ten years.  
Clerk—Bargain counter, to the right.  
—New York Weekly.

An Odd Place to Store Plunder.

Much annoyance is frequently occasioned by persons getting keys for the purpose of viewing unoccupied houses and failing to return them. In this connection I may mention an incident that happened a year or two ago. A well dressed gentleman called at our office for the key of a house to look over it. He neglected to return the key, however, and the house was subsequently let to another party.

About twelve months afterward, while repairing a drain, the floor of one of the rooms had to be removed, when a quantity of watches, rings and other jewelry was found concealed under the joists. These were proved to be the proceeds of a burglary at a jeweler's premises. The man who had got the key of the house was known to the police as a notorious burglar, and at the time had been suspected of the robbery, but was allowed to escape from want of sufficient evidence to convict him. As he was kept shadowed by the police he had considered it impolitic to attempt to remove the stolen property.

Shortly after this he was arrested in the north of England for a similar offense and was sentenced to five years' penal servitude. His sentence has not yet expired, and he probably remains in ignorance of the fresh charge that will await him on his release.—London Tit-Bits.

Setting Type with Both Hands.

A foreman of a composing room has conceived the idea of using both hands in picking up and setting the types in the stick. Ever since the composing stick was known the left hand has held the stick while the thumb pressed each successive type into place against the pieces already in line. A one armed compositor came to the foreman's room, and with a single hand set almost as much type as his fellow laborers did with two.

After thinking this over the foreman worked out two inventions, by which he proposes to use both hands at once. The first is a little mechanical device for taking the place of the thumb, and the second is an attachment by which the stick can be put in a convenient position for receiving the type without being in the way of any subsequent operations.

Having got so far, the foreman found that his next step was to train the left hand. This was by no means easy, but after patience and practice a considerable degree of proficiency was attained, and he added 60 per cent. to his former capacity. He believes a still further advance is practicable, but is confident that any compositor by the use of his inventions will be able to add at least 50 per cent. to his speed.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Monster Volcano.

Hawaii is chiefly famous for its volcanoes. Kilanea, the largest active volcano in the world, lies on the side of the mountain Mauna Loa at an elevation of 4,000 feet. We usually think of a volcano as a cone, but Kilanea is rather a great sunken pit in the midst of a vast desolate plain, which slopes up gently to the summit of the mountain. It is a pit of no less than nine miles in circumference and the area of its lowest level is six square miles. The level varies, but it is at present 600 feet below the surrounding country, and is reached by a steep descent down the sheer face of a precipice which extends right around the crater and, as it were, walls it in.

Within the crater, toward its southern end, is an inner crater with one or more lakes of fire, called Halemaunau, or House of Everlasting Burnings, which constitute the true chimney of the volcano. Here Kilanea exhibits its ceaseless activity.—Asiatic Quarterly.

Hints on Dress.

Dear young lady, if you have a dog and your dog accompanies you on the street you must dress in harmony with your dog. If your dog is an Irish setter you must either wear brown or there must be an abundance of golden brown "tones" conspicuous in your costume. If your heart is wrapped up on a bowlegged white bull terrier you must ensnare your body in white, but a little green is allowable for "cooling effect," but whether the effect is to be upon you, the public or the dog we are not informed. If your affections are engrossed by a yellow dog you must harmonize with him, even if you have to bleach your hair to do it. This is de regle, also comme il faut and fin de siecle.—Seattle Telegraph.

West Virginia Mountaineers.

There is probably nowhere in the United States an odder people than the mountaineers in the remote districts of West Virginia. The "stoneboat" of the quarry is often substituted for a wheeled vehicle in drawing loads down the mountains, and the people are so unfamiliar with the amenities of civilized life as to be ignorant of many words in common use among better educated country folks. "Mr. Rosser's critter company" was the mountaineer's phrase for General Rosser's cavalry.—New York Sun.

To Keep a Dead Fowl Quiet.

An apparatus to prevent a dead fowl from flying has been patented by a San Francisco lady. It is a clamp which secures the fowl to the dish while you are trying to carve it. Inexperienced carvers occasionally find it difficult to keep the dead bird from flying into a neighbor's lap.—Exchange.

Advertisement Writing.

Advertisement writing is becoming a regular branch of literature in the United States. Some of the first class writers command salaries of \$10,000 a year, and now young men are regularly training for the work and going to college in preparation.—Chicago Herald.

No Guesswork Wanted.

"Can you do this piece of work?" asked Mr. Trotter of an applicant for the job.  
"I guess so, sir."  
"Well, I don't want a man who guesses. I want one who knows he can do it."—Detroit Free Press.

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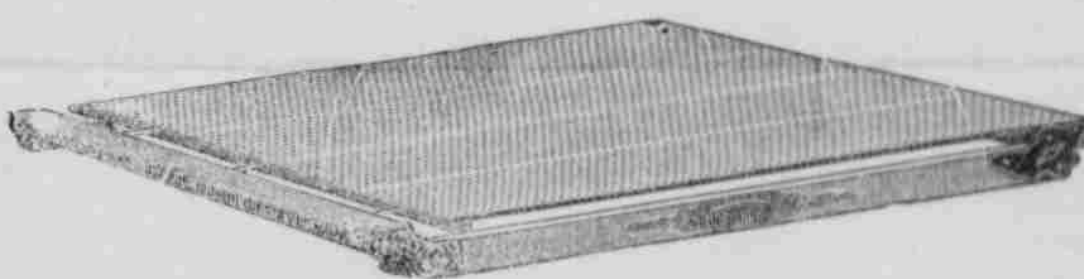
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